"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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IN MEMORY OF SCIENCE, GENIUS, AND WORTH.

IT was a custom among the Ancients in their hero worship not to sacrifice to their great men till the sun went down. It is a good and laudable custom among us still, when the sun of a useful, virtuous, and eminent man is set, to speak of his attainments, extol his virtues, and shed o'er his tomb a tear of regret. This is the natural incense of a Christian and a human heart; this is sacrifice that will ever be offered and tolerated, as long as the world continues, and minds are framed as they are. In primitive times, when books were few and preachers not skilled in address, a roll of names used to be read, names of the illustrious dead, of virtuous and intelligent men and women; these were again and again rehearsed to inspire high and pure thoughts, and to impel to right and useful lives. Now, it is common, when some near friend, church member, great man, king or prince, statesman or divine is taken away, to improve the occasion with a funeral sermon. Three great men are dead, and all so near together—HUMBOLDT, BRUNEL, and STEPHENSON, names that will shine in the firmament of fame, when many kings, queens, and heroes are forgotten. They are gone; but they leave behind them works of science and of art, of talent and success, testifying to their energy and zeal, their genius, skill, and knowledge, and we wish to pay our tribute of respect; and we name them with all the greater reverence, with the knowledge that the *private character* of each of these three public men—that purity, unostentatious worth, benevolence, and quiet goodness they displayed among their neighbours and friends, shed a lustre o'er their memories, add a sweetness to the magnificence of their names, and win them to our affection.

Let us name HUMBOLDT, the oldest, first: a quiet, unassuming, large-minded German. A representative man of science, of that class who enlarge the domain of thought. In his youth passionately fond of study and travel, an intense lover of God's creation. Poor; so poor at times, with difficulty he trod his way. Some little gifts received, and on he went in the pathway of thought that renders his name immortal. Not satisfied with reading what others had written, he would see for himself. He travelled over all the world; nature was his love; he tracked her into regions of perpetual frost and snow, in every zone, o'er desert lands and fertile plains, beneath the burning sun and the ever leaden sky. He loved to see her everywhere; to understand her secrets, to gather lessons from the varied texture of her face, and take delight in every phenomena: so Humboldt spent his life. He was a prophet in Nature's empire; priest of the mysteries of her temple. He told us of mighty revolutions which had been, and of changes which might be fairly anticipated. He lifted the leaves of this great volume of sea, and earth, and sky, and read aloud. Down in the deep he dived, came up with his hands filled with pearls. Plucked flowers and fruit of ambrosial sweetness, and presented them to us. His fact-tales sweeten the way of many a traveller. His stories of nature make happy many a summer day, and gladden many a winter night. By his labours and his travels he enlarged the region of human thought, which expand the affections of

the heart. If, in days gone by, loud acclamations and shouts of praise greeted grim warriors, as they returned to tell of battles they had won, gained glory to their arms, added breadth to the empire of which they were citizens, will we not do honour to the man of science, who comes with no blood stained hands. He has made his conquests; he has added to the empire of knowledge new provinces, which enrich all, which do harm to none; provinces never to be dissevered. The man of science cuts out of nature's quarry new blocks of knowledge, lays open some rich vein of golden ore. Another man follows, takes those clearly ascertained principles and truths, to further bless the world. Franklin speaks of electricity, its abundance in the clouds and in the earth: another follows, and makes the lightning Franklin caught, a messenger over all the earth. One man discovers steam power: another follows, and yokes it to the train. One man charts out the stars, and marks the courses of the moon. Some fool may pooh! pooh! the student at his work, and call it waste of time; another man takes this chart of heavenly mile and finger-posts, and tracks the ocean, makes a safe and perfect highway to any port across the deep.

The life of Humboldt was spent to enrich the mind of the world, and make all men happier. To some this earth is a mere bleak world, a barren land, a waste howling wilderness to eat, and sleep, and die in; to others, oh! how rich, how lovely, and how grand; beauty tips every point, and music's richest sweetness fills every breath of air. Humboldt walked the earth and scanned the heavens, to make all men happier. He gathered flowers, and plucked rich fruit, and invited men to pleasures most innocent and sweet.

He lived to a good old age, four score years and ten, and died full of years. To the last he was a reverent and believing man. His heart was sickened with false faiths, unseemly religious pageantry and doleful views men held of nature, God, and religion. He absented himself from the services of public worship: this has been construed into a want of religion. He has been called an infidel, and an atheist. His unbelief was simply an unbelief in what is not worthy of being believed. He was manly; there was no mockery in him. We say he was humble, wise, and great, and like his brother William, a reverent and believing man. He has a narrow faith that will say Humboldt approached the grave, without God and without hope. Here is his conviction, in his own words. "The conviction, arising from a *firm confidence in Almighty goodness and justice*, that death is only a termination of an imperfect state of being, whose purpose cannot be fully carried out here, and that it is the passage to a better and a higher condition, should be so constantly present to us, that nothing should be able to obscure it, even for a moment; it is the groundwork of inward peace and of the loftiest endeavours, and it is an inexhaustible spring of comfort in affliction." How cheering, gospel, beautiful, such a faith approaching death, that the dark way, called death, is but the passage to a higher, better condition —the corridor that leads along the earth to heaven. So drew on the end of this great man. Great in the love and honour of his country and the world. His character had none of the selfishness of Arago. In Prussia no man has ever been honoured as he. Appointed an acting Privy Councillor of the Prussian Court, with the title of EXCELLENCY, an honour never conferred before on any but those of royal lineage. Every lover of science did him honour. Her Majesty and Prince Albert visited him on their Prussian tour. His liberalizing influence was felt in all the governments of Europe. So drew on his end, crowned with honours, uniformly cheerful, with a natural flow of feeling and good temper. A beauteous sight to see this aged lover of science and the human race, retiring like the resplendent sun beneath the western wave. In the increased richness of his graces, and his firm faith, and the purity of his example, he gives a promise that his rising shall be in a "more perfect state," amid the glorious realities of an eternal world. Such an object is the perfection of earthly beauty and of mental glory. There are no scenes in nature which outshine this. He stands, like a full shock of corn, in golden hue, so rich in truth and love. Into the haven of

rest he rides, so peaceful, like a gallant ship, having weathered the storm of many a boisterous sea. At ninety years of age, and now he dies. All was still and calm around. Not one faculty of his mind impaired, and he utters his last words. His soul was linked to nature and thus linked to heaven. Sunbeams spake to him, like angels whispers in his ear—the sun was shining brightly in his room. He said, "How grand these rays, they seem to beckon earth to heaven;" and gently passed away.

BRUNEL'S life was *art*—engineering—planning great works, carrying out huge designs. Humboldt was a man of thoughtful science, more a type of the quiet past. Brunel of the active, present age, pre-eminently of an age of art: a representative man of a great mechanical age. His death at this time, and some few circumstances, unite him to our admiration, though we only see him and hear of him in connection with huge works of engineering. He was engaged in many works of less note. First we see him honoured under his father, in carrying out the Thames Tunnel, making an arch beneath the flood, and all the craft of the Thames river. Hard at work.

He seems to have inherited his father's mind; bold, enterprising, persevering, and of indomitable energy; a man of genius and of zeal; a magnificent enthusiast in art, and his enthusiasm upreared magnificence. He was not a dreamer, though many of his theories appeared like "castles in the air." He caused the foundation of his visions to be laid, and the superstructures called impossible were raised; became grand realities. We owe much to men like Brunel; they fearlessly tread the untracked roads of art; they strike out new and nearer paths, at great personal risk, and loss, and sorrow; they overstep their age, and an after age reaps what they have sown. This has been so in the creation of almost all great works of art, manufacture, and commerce; they have proved the *life* of society, but *death* to the first inventors and patrons. Brunel has been unfortunate; made great blunders, so they say. All great generals said Napoleon made great blunders. The Alchemists, in olden times, lost all their labour, time, and money in attempting to discover the stone, that by its touch, would make all things gold. They failed, yet they discovered what was infinitely more valuable than the philosophers' stone. A Thames Tunnel, Great Western, Atmospheric Rail, and Great Eastern, may have proved as disastrous to the purses of their patrons as the studies of the Alchemists. These works have been the starting points and guides which have already led, and will still further lead to grand results. They solve great problems by these experiments, on which the future progress of travel and of art much depends.

There is a magnanimous feature in the character of Brunel, worthy of our study. Some men die of perfect fright at difficulties before them. Brunel dies of no coward fear. Active zeal and persevering industry gets him through the most stupendous difficulties into which his magnificent ideas led him. He carries the flag, "EXCELSIOR," and climbs the impossible heights. Had he been in the Russian foundry he would not have allowed the famous bell they cast to be for ages buried in the sand. He would have had it out, or died at his post. Like Queen Esther, his motto was, "I will do it," and if I die, I die; and where one life is lost cutting through a difficulty with nerve and muscle, how many stand in sickly paralysis, and die at the foot of the hill. His example says climb, die up the hill, perhaps you'll gain the mountain top; at all hazards start, if it is work that should be done, and perish *at* the work, not quailing *before* it.

The erection and launching of the Great Eastern, we believe, caused the death of this great man. He drew his plan, he pledged himself to his work, he found numerous difficulties which harassed his mind; everybody began to say he had made a great blunder: yet we all are proud of what was called his mistake. Cecil truly said, "The warm, blundering man does more for society than the frigid wise man; the man who is always studying *opportunities*, *occasions*, and *proprieties*. The state of the world is such; and so much depends upon action that everything seems to say loudly to every man, do something,

do it do it, do it." Brunel was a disciple of action, and if he has taught the world what stupendous works can be completed when energy and zeal take them up, what huge difficulties can be taken out of the way, he has not lived in vain. Many a life is wasted, many a family ruined for want of his pattern virtue—*action, action.*

We may forget all the blunders of a man who does his work and then lies down and dies. His heart, like the sunflower, ever turned to his last great work; he had done his part, and there in sullen calm upon the water she lay. It was a sorrow to him to see the pride of all his art and power lying like useless lumber upon the river. Matters were arranged, the vessel was sold, and then his spirits rose; yet he would see her walk the deep. The work went on; his health returned; the work was done; the day was fixed. All eyes were turned to see her move; we all took breath to see her start. What were *his* joys, his feelings, as the day came on. Before she moved, he was stricken down and carried home; his eyes never more beheld what had filled his heart with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. While she was moving down the Thames, amid the shouts of joy, the loud hurrahs of rich and poor, prince and peasant, and nobles of the land, the very air was rent with joy, yet no one sound fell on Brunel's ear. With what pride he would have walked the deck; with what pleasure would he have seen her move so majestically along the waters; how his heart would have filled with joy, as she dashed o'er the wave, and moved right on unbaulked, unquivering through the storm. Never on the waters, since the world began, was ever seen a more glorious sight. She pushed her way, defying all the fury of the tempest that assailed her. Yes; that would have been a day of joy for him: but there he lay, his palsied frame, parched mouth, fevered brain—restless day and night—surrounded by medical aid and a few sorrowing friends. On board old friends and skilled engineers were shaking hands and making speeches. She's a success. The papers were filled with glowing words and stirring leaders full of praise. The electric wire was at work, telling o'er all Europe the grand success; we seemed almost to hear the merry shout; the task is done; the sound of joy just dies upon our ear. On the next breath of air comes sorry tidings. The electric wire at work again—"BRUNEL IS DEAD." We all said sad news, and dropped a tear; and the "*Builder*" truly wrote, HIS MONUMENT:

Is whereso'er, by river, rock, or plain,
He subdued nature for the weal of man,
He taught her giant ship to plough the main,
He reared the lofty arch, the wondrous span.
There shall we claim for him a monument
Greater than all the pyramids; nor less
Than classic fanes, since there the arts have lent
Their mightiest powers the severed lands to bless,
And speed the onward course of mortal happiness.

ROBERT STEPHENSON, a man from our very midst, practically the greatest man of our age, of whom all England was proud, and all the world revered, has just passed away in the very prime of life, in the very midst of his labours. His loss will be most keenly felt and everywhere deplored. A deeper anxiety throughout the country could not have been felt for the highest crowned head, than for a week was felt for him. Every paper contained a bulletin of his state of health, and his death saddened every heart. Most interesting are many features of his eventful life. During his day the progress made is like romance, like a fairy tale; and the Stephensons seemed to wield, in the midst, the magic wand of art.

A little more than forty years ago you might have seen at the pit village of Killingworth, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, a little rosy cheeked fellow, carrying his father's dinner in a tin; and you followed on, and at the top of the pit, in the engine-house, you would have seen the Stephensons (father and son), who have so signalised themselves, sitting dining together; or you might have met the same little boy riding on his ass to school, fondly loved by his father for the sake of her who died so soon after he was born. How little did that young dying mother think, but yesterday a poor servant girl (Fanny Henderson), as she fondled her first little baby to her bosom, what a halo of glory in less than fifty years would gather round her loving husband George, and her son Rob-

ert; and that *her* name and early death would go down to posterity with the great success of father and son, her partner and her child. A few weeks ago we walked through the village where Robert Stephenson was born. There now stands on the very spot where he first saw light, at Willington Quay, a splendid school, a memorial of filial reverence to his father and his mother: the foundation laid by the son.

When a baby his father removed to Killingworth, where he grew famous for ingenuity, which enabled him to place his son in a better school than he had ever been privileged to attend—the academy of Mr. Bruce, of Newcastle. Robert Stephenson was an industrious and persevering pupil. A good example for all our youthful readers. He was accustomed to write out the heads of his lessons taught him through the day at night. These he preserved, and are now in his library, bound up. He was ingenious, too; his father and he erected a sun-dial over their cot, at Killingworth, and there it is still. He was fond of visiting the scenes of his childhood; his heart in manhood was always sweetly touched with sympathy for his early recollections; and when out in that village, after he came to fame, he would sit down with the old men who knew him when a boy, and talk with them like a child again, with such sweetness and humility. There is an account of him saving all his pennies when a child, buying some copper wire, experimenting with the electric kite, but having no jars to test his take of electricity from the clouds, fastening his wire to a pony and giving it a tremendous shock. He was a few years at the University of Edinburgh: he was a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society, at Newcastle, of which institution he was president at his death. He used to take books home from the library, at Newcastle, and his father and he debated mathematics and engineering as they travelled home. He inherited the genius of his father; the father joyed in the growing skill and knowledge of his son. He was out a short time as an engineer in America, in his youth. After he returned he took a deep interest in his father's engine-works, at Newcastle, and his course was onward and upward, and famous to the last.

He was a *thoroughly practical man;* he saved the country millions by his opposition to some of Brunel's schemes. Stephenson knew well Brunel was a great man, and acknowledged it. Brunel was a very bold theorist; Stephenson was eminently practical. Stephenson had some faith in theories, but more in facts. He tried to save all men who were connected with him from ruinous schemes; he was a safe and successful man. A portion of a letter he wrote to the Rev. Mr. Bruce, long ago, shows his practical character. He says: "It was from your father that I derived my taste for mathematical pursuits, and the facility I possess in applying this kind of knowledge to *practical purposes*, and *modifying it to circumstances*. This latter qualification is of the utmost importance, for I have had numerous examples of the danger of applying abstract mathematical truths, to practice, without reference to circumstances; in short, they are only truths, so long as *certain conditions obtain*." These words mark the judiciousness of his character. We recollect something of a speech of Mr. Stephenson's, long ago, in America, at a great railway meeting, wherein he pointed out the errors *in railway competition*, which had led to a serious sacrifice of capital in our country, and warned them against repeating the same in America.

His *integrity* and *honour* were very eminent. No one blamed Stephenson at the Railway crash for complicity. Had his advice been always followed, it would have saved thousands of families from ruin. His advice was always from an extensive knowledge of the subject on hand, according to the dictates of a good conscience and a sound judgment. Many a man at that time rose suddenly, dashed on, made a grand display, glistened with a meteor's brilliancy, and only a meteor's duration. Stephenson pursued the onward steady course of the upright man. His wealth and honour were not based on false principles and dishonest policy. Industry, truth, and righteousness were the guiding stars of his fame and fortune.

Robert Stephenson was amiable and generous; and the "*Times*" truly said,

"*He was good as he was great.*" Many a tear would fall that day when news of his death spread over the land with lightning's speed. Many would fast that day; would have no heart for their regular meals and enjoyments, when the news of his death reached their homes. Unbounded was his liberality; though he rose from poverty, money had no charms to win his heart to its worship. He distributed with a liberal hand; he educated the children of many a family. There was no stint to his charity; he distributed large sums among his staff. We have heard of him giving one of his foremen a present of one thousand pounds. He gave nearly three thousand guineas, a few years ago, to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, grateful for the benefits *he* had received in early times from it. He was a generous man. How kindly he spoke to the workmen, at Sunderland, but the other day, on the reconstruction of the bridge. He always praised the English artizan, and spoke kindly of them; he knew their value and told them their worth. His staff knew how cheerfully he conceded their right to any improvement they ever suggested. They loved and revered him. In one great undertaking that won him world-wide renown, he expressed, at a great dinner, his sorrow that his foreman had not received from the world a greater meed of praise, for to him how greatly he was indebted. He knew how to do the generous, and say, these bridges, boats, roads, and engines, my working-men, belong to you; you make into facts and grand realities what with me were only thoughts and paper sketches. His humility augurs that the noblest traits of humanity were in his heart.

It is pleasing to know he ever retained his *modest* and unpretending character. In private life, simple and free as a child; yet mature and profound was he among practical philosophers. He inherited his father's social, moral, and unassuming character, as well as his genius. George Stephenson said, in latter days: I have made my dinner of a herring, many a time, by the road-side, and I have had the honour to dine with kings and statesmen; and I have found that men are much alike. He had a deep reverence for his mother, and never blushed to speak of his lowly birth and first beginnings. It is said he had a pair of mits, his mother made him, which he used to wear on great occasions. We are told of him being desired to put on another pair of gloves in the Belgian Court, for an interview with the King. He begged, out of respect for her he always loved, to be admitted in his mother's mits; and so he was. He never forgot his former poverty, his poor relations, or turned his back on his needy friends. We name these things, as Robert Stephenson was the *fac-simile* of his father's generous, reverent, humble, loving spirit. He cared little for pomp and show, and most graciously declined her Majesty's offer of Knighthood; he preferred to be plain Robert Stephenson. He knew well that it was not among mere titled names, silver shields, lions rampant, and dragons' heads, or the escutcheons of illustrious descendants, true honour was to be found. The educated mind and generous appreciation of desert, to him was truer nobility than a ribbon or a star. True personal dignity, he always felt, consisted in doing his duty faithfully, in giving to every man his meed of credit, and making his lips the minister of truth. He was often appealed to among his engineering companions to settle their disputes, and heal their differences, which he could do so well. We are told he was solicited by the Conservatives of Newcastle-on-Tyne to stand for their borough, it being the only chance they had to regain their position in that town; his great influence would ensure success. Honour to his name; he would not allow his great social and commercial standing in Newcastle to betray and misrepresent the political interests of Newcastle. How much does England need men of his character to wipe out a grievous stain upon our constituencies. He was many years, and to the last, the M. P. for Whitby.

His monuments are found around us everywhere; in every seat of civilization. In great works in America. The greatest work ever he had in hand is not quite finished—an immense bridge across the St. Lawrence river, each span nearly five hundred feet, and the bridge two

miles long, 'neath which the finest ships may sail. In Switzerland, Italy, Norway, Denmark, Germany, and Egypt, and o'er all our land you find the footprints of Stephenson in stupendous and useful works. How different are the marks men leave behind. We track some men and find nought but desolation in their way; others, like Stephenson, make the barren land rejoice, and the wilderness blossom as the rose. See him, forty years ago, riding upon his lowly ass, a boy; and *anon*, as with a magic wand, he strikes the earth—and travelling is changed—you see him flying through the air, in a rich saloon, at sixty miles an hour. He saw the change, and entered into the benevolence of its spirit. This made his life true worship. He knew he laboured in the cause of human improvement, augmenting the great commercial and social power of our race. All who labour in this true spirit, their work is worship. Who lift the hammer, or use the pen; who plough the land, or cultivate the mind; who guide the ship across the sea, or direct the workman with plan and rule; who with honest heart and willing hand labour for human good: such labour is truly religious and acceptable sacrifice. Twenty years ago Mr. Stephenson remarked: "We are on the eve of a remarkable period of the human race. The strides which all departments of science have made are actually startling, and the effects which these advances in science are calculated to produce in the relations between nations, as well as men, are clearly *very extraordinary*." How very extraordinary a part have the Stephensons taken in this progress, and in the multiplication of this power and wealth in the world.

Well we may say has practical science cause to weep over the fall of two such men as Stephenson and Brunel. Stephenson attended the funeral of Brunel, and then, in stern reality, a few days after follows and joins him in the grave. Though these men had been great antagonists with rival schemes, each honoured the other, as each well deserved. Stephenson shared in much of the anxiety of Brunel's last great work; perhaps, the Great Eastern killed them both. Stephenson did all he could to aid the launch; he fell into the river, and would not leave the post assigned him for a change of clothing. He was seized with an inflammation of the lungs at that time. Other diseases soon followed. We all hoped to see him well again; death would not take him, too, in all the maturity of his age, and from the midst of his great work. On Sunday morning, October the 9th, he lay very ill; this was speedily known; on Monday, a little better, and this was telegraphed to every town and gladdened England. On Tuesday no hopes of his recovery; and on Wednesday, surrounded by a few friends, at one o'clock he took his farewell of all his plans, and works, and friends on earth, and joined his illustrious parent and companions gone before, where no dark shade of death or sorrow comes, and parts beloved friends. Not like Humboldt, so full of years, but like his friend Brunel, not burdened by years, but covered o'er with honours, loved most by those who knew him best, he passed away.

Now we take our leave of these three great men, of world-wide renown, of science, genius, and worth—HUMBOLDT, BRUNEL, and STEPHENSON. Tiberius would have placed them, at once, in the list of Roman gods, and have had incense offered to their names. We need build no altar, waste no incense; their works are grand monuments, and their virtues spread a rich perfume, sweeter by far than any priestly sacrifice. Gratitude and reverence will rear a majestic pile, on which each of their names will be inscribed. Whether or not, these men will live in the art and institutions of the world, be enshrined in the hearts of mankind in coming ages, when we are all forgotten. HONOUR TO THEIR MEMORIES.

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WHIPPERS AND JERKERS.

In "Lingard's History of England," under the reign of Edward III., there is an account of a curious superstition, or religious madness, being imported from the Continent; the name of those missionaries were "Whippers." The historian says: It was their peculiar felicity not only to know that mortality was sent in punishment of sin, but to be in possession of the only means by which the remission of sin could be effected. Divided into companies of male and female devotees, under a leader and two masters, they stripped themselves naked to the waist, and publicly scourged themselves or each other, till their shoulders were covered with blood. This expiatory ceremony was repeated every morning and afternoon for thirty-three days, equal in number to the years which Christ is thought to have lived upon earth; after which they returned to their former employments, cleansed from sin, by the baptism of blood. The Whippers appeared first in Hungary, but missionary societies were soon formed, and they hastened to impart the knowledge of this new gospel to foreign nations. They spread with rapidity over Poland, Germany, and the low countries. From France they were excluded, at the request of the Pope, who had issued a severe constitution against them; but a colony reached England, and landed in London, to the amount of one hundred and twenty men and women. Each day, at the appointed hour, they assembled, ranged themselves in two lines, and moved slowly through the streets, scourging their naked shoulders, and chanting a sacred hymn:

"Through love of man the Saviour came,
Through love of man he died;
He suffered want, reproach, and shame,
Was scourged and crucified.
Oh! think then on thy Saviour's pain,
And *lash* the sinner, *lash* again."

At a known signal all, with the exception of the last, threw themselves flat on the ground, and, as he passed by his companions, gave each a lash, and then also lay down. The others followed in succession, till every one in his turn had received a stroke from the whole brotherhood. The citizens gazed and marvelled, pitied and commended, but they ventured no farther. Their faith was too weak, or their feelings were too acute; and they allowed the strangers to monopolise to themselves this novel and extraordinary grace. The missionaries made not a single proselyte, and were compelled to return home with the barren satisfaction of having done their duty in the face of an unbelieving generation.

The Jerkers, Jumpers, and Shakers come nearer our own day. Jerking arrived at its culminating point in the American Revival of 1800. Hundreds were seized with this strange, and involuntary motion, as it is called. The subject was instantly taken with spasms, or convulsions through the whole system. At first there was only a simple jerk of the arms. When the neck was affected, the head was thrown backwards and forwards with a rapidity and violence impossible to be imitated. An eye-witness says: "They would bound over benches, pews, etc., apparently wholly unable to restrain themselves, and would go bouncing, from place to place, like a foot-ball; or hopping around, with head, limbs, and trunk, twitching and jolting in every direction." Head-dresses were of little account with female jerkers, all flew off and the hair flew up in the utmost confusion. These jerking manifestations continued a long time. The Rev. Dr. Blythe says, who was in the midst of the excitement, "They could be resisted by a powerful effort of the will; thus he prevented them gaining dominion over him."—Wise man—These extraordinary manifestations were like mesmeric operations. We have seen a number of men and boys under the influence of a powerful operator performing similar amazing foolish antics. It would have been sheer profanity to have ascribed these operations to God's Spirit. So in the Revival scenes, the jerking of which we speak, at times, possessed wicked men, and they would curse with every jerk. The Rev. D. Davidson, a Presbyterian, is our authority, and he says: "Some of the ministers made the experiment of varying the style of their preaching during the same sermon, in order to test the effect. While they spoke in a gentle, soothing

manner, all was quiet; soon as they changed to an exciting style, the agitations commenced, and these bodily manifestations were accredited as evidence of the operations of the Holy Spirit."

But to come to our own day, and speak of a Revival scene at Belfast, in the words of the *Archdeacon of Meath*, who was present. "It is notorious that hundreds of mill-girls in Belfast have prayed, and are praying, to be '*struck*.' This was acknowledged to me by an elder or office-bearer, in a place of worship famous for such conversions. It was also told to me by many of the mill-girls themselves. I need hardly say that such a prayer answers itself. I say that they learn in places of worship to offer such prayers. I was myself present, in a Presbyterian meeting-house, at a prayer, offered with the most frenzied excitement and gesticulations, that God would then and there descend, and *strike* all the unconverted to the earth. That prayer was accompanied, throughout, by a storm of cries, and groans, and exclamations, and amens, all having the true hysteric sound. This was the most frightful scene I have witnessed in life: at the moment of the awful command to the Almighty to come down, and *strike*, it was perfectly terrific. No such scene would be permitted in any Bedlam upon earth. Presence at such a prayer could be redeemed from guilt, only, by the purpose of warning. I have many terrible recollections of life, but this prayer is the most frightful of them all. I have been used to be calm in the presence of hysteria. I was calm then; but the physical effect upon myself was as if I had been drinking plain brandy. Is this the worship of the Church of Scotland?"

Now all who like may call, what we have narrated, "an out-pouring of God's Holy Spirit," but we think we know, not so profane, and a more appropriate name. If some Festus declares all this to be a species of "*madness*," who will say it is religious "*truth and soberness*." The Apostle Paul, who knew well what was the phenomena of the Holy Spirit, says (Gal. v. 22): "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit." And how pure and useful would be our lives. We have yet to learn, from some other Gospel than that which we make the rule of our faith and life, that all the physical phenomena, and strange excitements, and peculiar manifestations, however real these appearances at certain meetings may be, we have yet to learn and from some other Gospel, that whipping, fainting, jerking, falling, shaking, bouncing, shouting, and fits of convulsion have aught to do with the Christian religion, which is LOVE TO GOD and LOVE TO MAN.

THE THREE ROSEBUDS.

"See, Mamma, dear," blithe Celia cried,
"Three rosebuds in our garden grow,
Upon one stem. And this, which soon
Must ope its tender leaves, and blow,
And be our little bush's pride,
The fairest rose of sunny June—
This bud my sister Jane shall be;
And these, dear brother Tom and me."

The 'circling air play'd round that bush;
'Twas water'd by the gentle rain;
'Twas quicken'd by the summer ray;
And Celia, coming once again,
Two roses found in fragrant flush—
The third was wither'd all away.
"Ah! Tom and Jane," she sadly said,
"Have blown, Mamma; but Celia's dead."

'Twas Childhood's grief: no more. Yet still
Poor Celia's mother ponder'd o'er
The mem'ry of that wither'd flower,
And guarded her sweet bud the more,
Lest aught the omen should fulfil.
But vain her care! In mournful hour
Came Pestilence, with withering breath;
And her fair rose was pluck'd by Death.

Dead, but not lost, that opening rose.
Where arrow flieth not by night,
Nor pestilence by noon-day steals,
It lives, far 'yond the fever-blight—
By "the fair river" safely blows—
Where He, who all our sorrows heals,
Gives back, of His abounding grace,
The forfeit-garden of our race.

Gateshead. JAMES CLEPHAN.

WAS IT A MISFORTUNE?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"IMPOSSIBLE!" exclaimed Morris Heston, starting up from his desk. "Impossible!" he repeated, his face growing very pale.

"It is too true," was the answer, made by a gentleman, who had come hurriedly in; "I have the news from a reliable source."

"Failed!"

"Yes; and failed badly."

"He has been engaged, it is said, in some speculations which have turned out disastrously;" and the man went out as hurriedly as he had come in.

Morris Heston was a young man, who had been in business only about two years. He was active, industrious, and intelligent, and on the road, many predicted, to fortune. But in one thing he was indiscreet; and that was, in selling too largely to a single customer. No wonder that he started and turned pale on hearing bad news from this customer; for loss here was equivalent to ruin. Already the relation between receipts and payments was so close, that any serious deficiency in the one or increase in the other, would prove a source of embarrassment.

We need not picture the troubled events that followed, too surely, the confirmed intelligence of this failure of a distant customer. Heston was too weak to bear the pressure that came upon him, and so was forced to give way. A few of his creditors, who had faith in his integrity and ability, would cheerfully have reduced their claims, and given him ample time on the balance; but the majority, who had no personal interest in him, and looked only to themselves, acted upon the common adage current in such cases, that the "first loss is the best loss," and swept everything away.

Troubles rarely come alone. Another, and, to our young friend, a sadder disaster followed.

He was under engagement of marriage, and the time of its celebration had been fixed. From the moment rumour filled the air with reports of his heavy losses and danger of failure, he thought he could perceive a change in the manner of his betrothed. He tried to think this only imagination; but the change seemed daily to grow more and more apparent. At last it became necessary for him to tell of his misfortune, and the blight which had come over his worldly prospects. He still had faith in her; still tried to deceive himself, notwithstanding the recent change in her manner.

She listened with a coldness of exterior that chilled him to the heart; then gave a few tears; and then sat in irresponsive silence.

Stung by her apparent want of sympathy, and bewildered by the conviction that a new and heavier misfortune was about to cloud the sky of his life, the young man started up, and standing before the embarrassed girl, said, with much agitation of tone and manner:

"Agnes! how am I to understand this? Are you, too, only a summer friend?"

Scarcely had the words passed from his lips, ere she started to her feet, and glided, without a word of answer, from the room.

The effect of this double misfortune was altogether paralyzing. Heston fell into a state of gloomy inaction. Friends urged him to look the world bravely in the face once more, and begin again, with a stout heart, the battle of life. But he answered—"No, no—I have been mocked once; let that suffice. I will not run the risk of another such disaster."

"She is unworthy of a thought," said one, alluding to the maiden who had proved so meanly false to her vows; "and a thousand times unworthy of regret by so true a heart as yours."

"It is easy to say all that," was answered, in a tone of bitterness. "But the heart that once loves, loves on for ever—loves, even though the object of affection be proved unworthy."

"Mere poet's talk!" said the friend. Let her image pass from your thoughts like breath from the face of a mirror. Fling her memory to the winds."

Little effect had all this upon the mind of Heston. He held himself aloof from friends, and remained for nearly a year a kind of social recluse, brooding over the misfortunes which had so early in life made his sky sunless. As a clerk,

on a moderate salary, he went through his monotonous round of duties, all interest in the future seeming to have died out of his heart.

At the end of the year there was a gay wedding in the city; gay and imposing enough to create a flutter in certain circles. A young merchant, who had started in business at the same time with Heston, and being more successful, had tried another venture in life, even the doubtful one of leading to the altar a maiden who had been false to her first lover, turning heartless from him when the sunshine left his path.

This had the effect to spur into new life the almost dormant energies of our young friend. From that time he walked abroad with a firmer tread, and a countenance more elevated. If his old light-heartedness did not return, he showed a cheerful aspect, and something like a genial side to his character. The true man in him was moving with a new vitality, and throwing off the dead husks of feeling which closed around him closely as cerements.

Ere another year had gone by, an offer to commence business again—or rather to become a partner in an old established house—was accepted, and he started in the world once more, moving with a steadier step, and with a surer prospect. And he loved again—loved as deeply, and far more wisely—loved one whose light of love for him was undying flame, that no waters of misfortune could ever quench.

Morris Heston was all right with the world again; and wiser and happier for the brief but desolating storm which had so sadly marred the beautiful garden of his young life. Prosperity crowned his business efforts, and love made his home a Paradise.

Now and then he met on the street, or in social parties, her who had played him so falsely in his darker hours; never without an almost audibly breathed utterance of thanks for the misfortune which had proved her quality. She was growing yearly into a bold, flaunting, heartless woman of the world. To her husband's side she was rarely seen to move, on social occasions with an unconscious instinct, as if it was always pleasant to be near him; but plainly preferred any man's company to his.

It was scarcely a month later, when the husband of this weak, vain, unprincipled woman, returned from his business, one evening, to find his home desolate, his love hopelessly wrecked, and his baby worse than motherless. His wife had abandoned all her sacred duties, and throwing love, honour, virtue to the mocking winds, cast her lot with that of a false wretch, who lured her from the true path, only to fling her aside after a brief season as a worthless thing.

"Thank God for misfortune!" exclaimed Mr. Heston, in the silence of his swelling heart, when intelligence of this sad event reached his ears. It came to him first from the lips of his own true wife, who had grown daily dearer to him since the blessed hour when she had given hand and heart together. "Misfortune? Oh, no!" he said. "It was not misfortune — but blessing!" The sun was shining still in the sky; only a few clouds had hid from me his loving face."

Almost tearfully did Morris Heston gather his little children into his arms that evening, looking from them to their mother with such loving glances, that, half-wondering and half-joyful, the happy spouse felt a new delight swelling in her heart, that gave a new beauty in her countenance.

"I bless God, dear Mary!" said the young man, as she came to his side, drawn by the magnetism of his love, "that you are my wife!" My true, loving, and faithful wife, and the mother of my precious babes."

Very softly that happy wife and mother laid her lips on the forehead of her husband, the touch thrilling him to the inmost of his spirit.

Was it misfortune that clouded our young friend's life. No!—no! Not misfortune, in the darker sense—the seeming evil was only a blessing disguised. And so, to the right-thinking, the right-feeling, the true-hearted, will all the darker dispensations of life prove themselves blessings. Let us be patient, hopeful, trusting, when the sky is shadowed, nor tremble at the storm that seems desolating the earth. The cloudy tempest is only a transient condition of nature; there is above all the perpetual sunshine, and no misfortunes.

EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURAL TEXTS ADVANCED TO SUSTAIN UNSCRIPTURAL DOCTRINES.

DEITY OF CHRIST.

We now proceed to examine the evidence that Christ is entitled to religious worship. The subject of Christian worship is made very plain in the Gospels. The commands of Jesus Christ are "WORSHIP THE FATHER," the true worshippers shall worship him; and also when ye pray, say "OUR FATHER." The example of Jesus Christ in worship is also very striking. No "holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity" worship in the Scripture. The commands and examples of New Testament prayer and worship is to God, the Father of Jesus Christ. This we shall show is amply conceded by the most learned of Trinitarian divines. *Dr. Manton* says, "Direct your prayers to God the Father; Christ prayed to the Father." *Durand* says, "All prayer is regularly directed to the Father." *Hartwell Horne* says, "In the Scriptures we are directed and encouraged to address ourselves to him as our heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ."—*Calvin* says, "I dislike this vulgar prayer, 'Holy Trinity, one God have mercy on us,' as altogether savouring of barbarism." We now call attention to the texts adduced for the worship of Christ.

"They saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him."—Matt. ii. 11. "And behold there came a leper and worshipped him."—Matt. viii. 2. There are several such passages, and they are explained by *Dr. Campbell, Calvin, Boothroyd, Le Clerc, Limborch*, etc., etc. "So do Christ homage." "The term worship, both in ancient and modern language, is used for veneration, respect, homage." *Calvin* says, "The wise men came, not to pay Christ that divine worship." *Limborch* says, "Everywhere those who besought the Lord Jesus to perform miracles worshipped him, not as God, but as a distinguished prophet." And we add, there was no fear among the Jews of confounding that high respect and veneration for Jesus Christ with sacred worship due to God alone, so Christ willingly received their homage.

"That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father."—John v. 23. We believe from the connection in which this passage stands it teaches us nought about worshipping Jesus Christ as God; the specific subject in hand (read the whole) is, that we must accept the message, or words of Jesus Christ, as the words of God. He has been deputed as God's ambassador to man, and the same honour that we would render to God (if present with us), in *hearing* and *believing* what he would say, we must as implicitly and reverently accept what Christ has to say, as all judgment is committed unto the Son. *Schleusner* says, "The meaning of this passage is, that all men should embrace the doctrine delivered by the Son with the reverence due to a divine message; for he who rejects it treats with contempt God, its author." *Dr. Doddridge* holds a similar opinion on this passage. *Kuinoel* says, "What kind of honour is here meant plainly appears from the following verse: 'He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me,' etc. *To honour the Son* is therefore to admit Jesus as the Messiah, the messenger of God, and the interpreter of his will; to yield assent to, and submissively receive the doctrine commended by him in the name and at the command of God." So *Dr. Bloomfield*, almost in the same words. *Limborch* says, "The opinion that this passage relates to the worship due to Christ, in his divine nature, is manifestly confuted, not only from the words in the preceding verse, that 'the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son,' which necessarily refers to his human nature, but also from verse 27, where the Father is expressly said to have given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man."

"And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—John xiv. 13. "These words are addressed to the Apostles, not to Christians universally."—*Rosenmuller.*

"When he bringeth in the first begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him."—Heb. i. 6. The Apostle Paul speaks of Christ being made so much *better than the angels*, and then, naturally follows, the angels of God are required to do him homage. The angelic choir, we know, celebrated his birth. *Pyle* says, "The Scripture, in other passages, speaking of the triumphant resurrection of Christ, and his being made the Saviour, Lord, and Judge of the whole world, represents God the Father as commanding all angels *to reverence him.*" *Dr. J. Pye Smith* says, "The chief point of consideration is the nature or kind of the homage here claimed for Christ." Unitarians conceive that it is only an acknowledgment of his superiority to all other prophets and messengers of God; and, had we nothing from which to draw our conclusion, besides the insulated words, it might be difficult to determine the question."

"And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus receive my spirit."—Acts. vii. 29. *Dr. Adam Clarke* says, "The word God is not genuine, and should not be inserted here." We should remember, when we read this request of Stephen's, that he saw at that time Jesus Christ sitting on the right hand of God. *Dr. Hey* says, "St. Stephen addresses Christ, but does not use the word *God*, though it is found in our translation in italics; and his address is the ejaculation of a man dying in the Christian cause." *Coleridge* says, "Christ was visually present to Stephen: his invocation therefore was not perforce an act of religious adoration, or an acknowledgment of Christ's Deity."

"For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me, and he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. xii. 8, 9. It very clearly appears that Paul was

favoured at times with Christ's personal presence, or a vision of Christ, and it was at such a time he made this request, and received his answer, My grace is sufficient for thee. And who amongst us, placed in a similar position, would not prefer some request. There is no authority in this text for prayer to Christ, but on such a special occasion of Christ's presence, should it ever occur. *Macknight* and *Benson* both say, "Probably Christ appeared to his apostle and spoke to him."

"Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Eph. v. 9; also Col. iii. 16. *Dr. Macknight* says, "*To the Lord*, that is, to God the Father."

"I thank Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry."—1 Tim. i. 12. "I account it a great mercy of Christ, both that he hath given me abilities, etc."—*Dr. Hammond.* "I feel myself under infinite obligation to Christ, who hath strengthened me, etc."—*Dr. A. Clarke.*

"That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ; to whom be praise, etc., etc."—1 Peter iv. 11. "Some refer this doxology to God; others to Christ. The former opinion seems preferable, because the doxologies are usually referred by the apostles to the Father." —*Rosenmuller.* So *Calvin, Bengal*, and others.

"And every creature . . . heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto HIM that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB for ever."—Rev. v. 13; Rev. i. 5; 2 Peter iii. 18. As we are taught in the Scriptures that Jesus "*received from God the Father honour and glory*," it is only fit and proper of man, whom he redeems, to ascribe honour and glory unto him. The passages neither teach nor imply that he is God. They speak of *God* his Father and of *Him* that sitteth on the throne and the Lamb. The superiority of the one and the inferiority of the other, are indicated in the clearest manner. We think no one who understands the great work of redemption, accomplished by Jesus Christ, but will at times give utterance to words of fervent gratitude, honour and glorify Christ, who lived and died for all mankind, without for one moment regarding him as the object of our supreme religious worship. In 1 Chron. xxi. 20, David said to all the congregation, "Now bless Jehovah your God. And all the congregation blessed Jehovah, God of their fathers, and bowed down their heads and worshipped *Jehovah; and the King.*" If worship, we find, is offered to Jehovah and the King, and the King be inferior to Jehovah, may not blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be ascribed in the same sentence to the Father, and also to the Son, and the Son's inferiority be nevertheless very clear, as it really is expressed in these very passages. *Dr. Hammond* says, "All this dignity to himself, and advantages to believers, are a just reward of his sufferings, by which he hath dearly bought them." *Bishop Sherlock* says, "Here you see plainly that the adoration paid to God the Father is founded on his being the Creator of all things. . . . Here you as plainly see the worship paid to Christ to be founded on this, that he was slain and did by his own blood redeem us. . . . From all which it is evident that the worship paid to Christ is founded on the redemption, and relates to that power and authority, which *he received* from God at his resurrection."

"Now *God* himself and our Father, and our *Lord* Jesus Christ, direct our way unto you."—1 Thess. iii. 11; also 2 Thess. ii. 16. These passages most clearly show that Jesus Christ is *not God;* they distinguish him clearly from God. And if, as we have reason to believe, at times during the first ages of the Christian church, our Saviour had personal intercourse, at least with Paul, we cannot wonder at this apostle offering up this devout wish, that as Christ had directed and consoled him, he might direct and console them. *Dr. Macknight* says, "This prayer is founded on the supposition that the common events, on which the apostle's prosperous journey to the Thessalonians depended, were under the direction of Christ, as Lord."

"Grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Lord."—1 Tim. i. 2; and other similar passages. All such passages we would again remark very clearly point out that Christ is *not* God; and if the Apostle Paul could say, as he does in his epistles say (1 Cor. xvi. 24), "My love be with you all in Christ Jesus," can we wonder that he wishes, fervently wishes, the grace, mercy, and peace of Jesus Christ upon the churches. *Dr. A. Clarke* says, "The apostle *wishes* them all the blessings which can flow, etc." *Coleridge* says, "Surely a pious wish is not an invocation. 'May good angels attend you,' is no invocation or worship of angels." These benevolent *wishes*, found in many places of the epistles, are natural, as the wish of one who was labouring to spread the Gospel, that the protection of God might be over them, and the faith and love of Christ in them.

"And here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that *call in thy name.*"—Acts ix. 14. "With all that in every place *call upon the name of Jesus Christ* our Lord, both theirs and ours."—1 Cor. i. 2. *Archbishop Tillotson* says, "To name the name of any one, *or to have his name called on by us*, does, according to the use of this phrase among the Hebrews, signify nothing else but to be denominated from him." *Dr. Hammond* and *Bishop Fell's* marginal translation is, "Are called by the name of Jesus Christ." *J. C. Wolf* says, "B. OLEARIUS, in his observations on the gospel of Matthew, renders 'With all that are *called by the name* of our Lord,' that is, who are called Christians." *Father Simon* says it means "Who worship Jesus Christ; or, who *bear the name* of Jesus Christ." *Erasmus* says, "All that in every

place profess the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." *Pyle* says, "All the Christian people of those parts, who worship God through Jesus Christ, the Lord and Saviour of us all who embrace and profess his true religion." *Billroth* says, "*To call upon the name of the Lord* is a form of expression borrowed from the Hebrew, . . . and is used to denote, not an individual act of calling upon God, but, in general, a life of reverence to God, or of true religion; and so the word, which originally referred merely to the external act, are used both in the Jewish and still more decidedly in the Christian Scriptures. They may be regarded as equivalent to 'ALL WHO PROFESS CHRISTIANITY.'" *Dr. Pye Smith* concedes that the words in question do admit of this meaning, to be called by the name of Christ.

The following passages are sometimes adduced in support of the Deity of Christ.

"These things, said Esaias, when he saw *his glory*, and spake of him." — John xii. 41. "These things said Isaiah, when, by the spirit of prophecy, he foresaw the glorious appearance of Christ on earth, in respect of the excellency of his doctrine and greatness of his miracles, etc." —*Wells.* "*His glory;* that is, according to the application of the evangelist, the glory of Christ, though Isaiah spake of the Father."—*Simon.*

"And killed the *Prince of life*, whom God hath raised from the dead." — Acts iii. 15. How obvious it must be to an unprejudiced mind that the title, Prince of life, followed by the words, "God raised him from the dead," do not in any way imply the deity of Christ. *Bishop Pearce* says, these words mean "The Leader of the way to eternal life."

"Jesus, the *author and finisher* of our faith." —Heb. xii. 2. From this it has been inferred Christ is God. Jesus said, MY DOCTRINE IS NOT MINE, but his that sent me. *Dr. A. Clarke* says, "The phrase here seems to mean leader and judge, who admits the contenders to the games, and gives the prize to the conquerors."

"King of kings, and Lord of lords."—Rev. xix. 16. Both Artaxerxes and Nebuchadnezzar are styled "King of kings." "On account of his exaltation to heaven, at the right hand of God the Father, Jesus is called the King of kings."—*Limborch.*

"I am *Alpha* and *Omega*, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, who is, and who was, and who is to come the Almighty."—Rev. i. 8. "I am *Alpha* and *Omega*, the *first* and the *last*."—Rev. i. 11. *Calmet* says, of the first of these two verses, "It is better to understand it of the Father, on account of what follows—the Almighty." *Dr. John Owen* says, "The meaning of *Alpha* and *Omega*, *first* and *last*, is *beginner* and *finisher* of our faith." *Calmet* also says, "It is the *beginning* and the *end* of the divine dispensation." So several Trinitarians.

"Ye call me Master and Lord; and ye say well; for so I am."—John xiii. 13. "How then doth David in spirit call him Lord, saying, the Lord saith unto my Lord."—Matt. xxii. 43. The application of the word *Lord* to Jesus Christ gives no support for his deity, though it is a word sometimes applied to Almighty God, and often to Jesus Christ. It is not the word Jehovah; we never once find the name Jehovah applied to Christ. The word *Lord*, in the New Testament, is applied in not a few cases to men of rank or property, and to kings, governors, prophets, and masters. *Dr. Campbell* says, on Christ being so often addressed *Lord*, "Is that they believed him to be possessed of a divine nature, and entitled to be accosted as God? Far from it. The utmost that can, with truth, be affirmed of the multitude is, they believed him to be a prophet. Though the title that is given to him is the same that is given to God, it is so far from being peculiarly so, as is the case with the English term, so circumstanced, that it is the term of civility given not only to every stranger, but to almost every man of a decent appearance." *Dr. Wardlaw* says, "I do not at all insist on the general application of the term *Lord* to Christ, throughout the New Testament, because the original word, so rendered, is capable of expressing, and is certainly used to express, dignity of various kinds of degree. On the mere designation of Christ by this title, therefore no conclusive argument can be built." So a host of Trinitarians concede. Since we find no argument in the word *Lord* for the deity of Christ, we will give the explanation of *David calling him Lord*, in the words of two or three Trinitarian expositors. "By the question which he proposed to the Pharisees, our Lord gave them an opportunity of acknowledging their error respecting the nature of the Messiah's kingdom. Had he been only a temporal prince, he would not have been styled the Lord of any who had been dead before he appeared."—*Le Clerc.* "Jesus, by a reference to the second Psalm, which was considered prophetic of the Redeemer, forces them to confess, that even according to their own authority, the kingdom of the Messiah was to be of far higher dignity, far wider extent, and administered by a more exalted sovereign than David; for even David himself, by their own admission, had called him his Lord."—*Milman.* David, in the language of prophecy, ascribes a greater dignity and wider empire to the Messiah than he possessed; so David calls him Lord. This is considered the meaning of the text by many Trinitarian expositors.

"For the Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath-day."—Matt. xii. 8. It is admitted by several Trinitarian commentators that the words, "*Son of man*," have no direct reference to Jesus Christ; that they mean MAN; MAN is Lord of the Sabbath, as the Sabbath was made for man. *Musculus* says, "The Son of man may be understood of Christ, or of *any* man." *Dr. Campbell* makes a similar remark on this passage. "Therefore the Son of man (this is introduced as a consequence), from what has been advanced (verse xxvii.), the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. Hence one would conclude that the *Son of man*, in this verse,

must be equivalent to man in the preceding, otherwise a term is introduced in the conclusion, which was not in the premises."

Christ is called "LORD OF ALL."—Acts x. 36; and LORD OVER ALL.—Rom. x. 2. The meaning of which, *Dr. John Owen* says, is "That what Christ preached to the Jews was equally applicable to the Gentiles." *Pyle* remarks on this appellation. "This was the true Messiah, the Saviour of ALL mankind, Gentiles as well as Jews, constituted by God the Father to be the Governor and Judge of all the world."

"LORD BOTH OF THE DEAD AND THE LIVING."—Rom. xiv. 9. The whole passage says that Christ both died and lived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living. We would advise the reader to look always at the context of passages quoted to uphold the doctrine of Christ's deity, as, in this case, you will find that the most of the texts directly subvert the very doctrine they are cited to establish. If this one passage is true, as it is true, "That Christ died and rose again, *that he might be Lord*," how clearly, once and for ever, does it affirm he was not from eternity Lord of all. Could God die and rise again to attain any such distinction? How utterly unscriptural is the doctrine "*That Christ is God.*"

"Crucified the LORD OF GLORY."—1 Cor. ii. 8. "Our Lord Jesus Christ [the Lord] of Glory."—James ii. 1. *Estius* says, "Some explain the Lord of Glory to signify the glorious God." . . . There is another meaning, he says, "which, in my opinion, seems to be the true one, according to which the apostle alludes to *our glory*, spoken of in the preceding verse; so that Christ is called the Lord of *our* glory, that is, the chief or author and finisher of the glory of his elect, by means of his cross and death." *Bishop Pearce*, *Grotius*, and others give a similar explanation. The words in the text from James—"*The Lord*,"—are not in the original at all, and are correctly marked in italics in the English text.

"He that cometh from above is ABOVE ALL."—John iii. 31. *Dr. A. Clarke* says, "These are the words of John the Baptist, and mean he is 'Superior to Moses the prophet and me.'"

"For whatsoever things he (the Father) doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise."—John v. 19. "I depart not from the will and plans of the Father, nay in my labours, for man's well-being, I follow and imitate the example of the Deity."—*Kuinoel.* Also *Grotius*, *Rosenmuller*, and others.

"For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. xviii. 20. "And lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. xxviii. 20. "These words are said of Christ as being present by his grace and assistance, for which it is obvious his bodily presence is not required. Do we not commonly perceive amongst men, that a king has power over his dominions, and yet does not occupy them all by his presence."—*Cardinal Ballarmine.* The Apostle Paul writes to the Corinthians (1 Cor. v. 3), "For I verily as absent in body, but present in spirit;" and to the Colossians (Col. ii. 5), "Though I am absent in the flesh, yet I am with you in the spirit." *Bishop Sherlock* says, "The promise annexed, 'And lo I am with you to the end of the world,' must be relative to the Apostle's commission; and they could depend on it no longer than whilst they kept within the limits of their commission, which was to teach what Christ had commanded." *Sir Edward Leigh* says, "This was a personal promise, made only to the apostles, and so cannot be extended to all the Church, according to their immediate sense." And many others hold this view. "During all your lives I will be present with you by my aid."—*Schleusner.*

"And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man, who is in heaven."—John iii. 13. This passage appears to mean—it is amply conceded—that no one understands the divine will but he whom God hath sent. *Cameron* says, "It is evident, from the scope of the discourse, that the phrase, to ascend to heaven, means only to inquire, or to be admitted into the knowledge of the divine counsels." *Dr. A. Clarke* says, "It seems a figurative expression, for no man hath known the mysteries of the kingdom of God." *Limborch* says, "Whatever we receive by the special gift of God is said to descend from heaven. Christ said, the baptism of John, was it *from heaven*, or of men." *Dr. Willoughby* says, "The phrases, being *in heaven*, being *with God*, or in the bosom of God, etc., expresses a state of intimate communication with God, such as qualified Christ to speak of heavenly things." *Grotius* says, "If the conversations of Christians is said to be in heaven (Phil. iii. 20), how much more may this be said of Christ." It must be plain to every reader these interpretations speak not of the omnipresence of Christ, nor does the passage under our notice.

"He knew all men; . . . he knew what was in man."—John ii. 24. The words in the following verse show that it is solely our Lord's penetration into the characters of men that the Evangelist is speaking. *Dr. Campbell*, *Calvin*, *Kuinoel*, and others admit it does not refer to omniscience, but the persons spoken of.

"Now we are sure that thou knowest all things."—John xvi. 30. *Rosenmuller* says, "To know all things, is an expression in common life, and is used even of men (2 Samuel xiv. 20; 1 John ii. 20). It does not imply omniscience is admitted by *Grotius*, *Macknight*, *Campbell*, and others.

"All things that the Father hath are mine."—John xvi. 15; "And thine are mine."—John xvii. 10. *Rosenmuller* and *Kuinoel* explain it, "My doctrine and the Father's is the same." *Le Clerc* says, "The meaning of the second passage is, "All my disciples are thine, and all they who belong to God his Father also embrace his doctrine."

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

HERESY IN HIGH PLACES.—The "*Times*," of Saturday, October 15th, in a review of the second edition of the Rev. Professor Jowett's work, on Paul's Epistles, expresses its warm approbation of the Professor's theory, that the way in which the death of the Lord Jesus Christ benefits man is not clearly taught in the Scripture, and that, as far as it is shown, the inference is that that death was not sacrificial.—*Leeds Mercury.*

ROYAL RELIGION.—Gourville went to pay his respects to the Duchess Sophia of Brunswick, whose young daughter he was speculating on as a wife for the Dauphin. When he was first permitted to see the young lady, then in her twelfth year, he said: "This is a fair and beautiful princess, worthy of the highest destiny. May I ask what religion she has been brought up in?" "She has none at present," answered Sophia; "when we know what prince will be her husband, she will be instructed in his religion."

RELIGIOUS DUELS.—Not only love cases, but law and gospel were settled in former times by duels. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, once challenged a Moor to combat, for denying the divinity of our Saviour. As princes used this kind of logic, and were pretty successful, priests thought it might prove as serviceable to their cause. There was a trial by combat at Toledo, to decide between the Roman and the Gothic Missals, and the Goths would have certainly got the better, but for a miracle the Romans wrought, so they say, this turned the scale of victory.

POWER OF THE BIBLE.—A recent number of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a Roman Catholic Journal, published in Paris, contains the following rather remarkable admission concerning the influence which the Bible exerts on social and national life. "Much may be said on Protestant diversities and sects, but one fact remains certain; it is, that nations where the Bible circulates and is read, have preserved a strong, deep, and enduring religious faith, while in the countries where it is not known, one is obliged to deplore a moral superficiality and want of principles, for which a splendid uniformity of rites cannot compensate. Let the learned theologians discuss on the authenticity of such and such texts—what are such miseries compared to the healthful and pure atmosphere which the Bible spreads wherever it is read, whether in low or elevated classes?"

SCEPTICISM.—"The genius of Greece fell with liberty. The Grecian philosophy received its mortal wound in the contests between scepticism and dogmatism which occupied the schools in the age of Cicero. The Sceptics could only perplex, and confute, and destroy. Their occupation was gone as soon as they succeeded. They had nothing to substitute for what they overthrew; and they rendered their own art of no further use. They were no more than venemous animals, who stung their victims to death, but also breathed their last into the wound."—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

A FACT FOR JUDGMENT-MONGERS.—"At Beverley, late, much of the people being at bear-baiting, the church fell suddenly down at even-song time, and overwhelmed some that then were in it. A good fellow, that often heard the tale told, "So," quoth he, "now may you see what it is to be at even-song when you should be at the bear-baiting."—*Sir Thomas Moore.*

THE VIRGIN MARY AND OTHERS BANKRUPT.—"*A Marine Insurance Company, at Cadiz*, once took the VIRGIN MARY into formal partnership, covenanting to set aside her portion of profits for the enrichment of her shrine in that city. Not doubting that she would protect every vessel in which she had such a manifest interest, they underwrote ships of all sorts, at such reduced rates, that in a few months the infatuated partners *were all declared bankrupts.*"—*Times.*

A MAHOMMEDAN'S NOTIONS OF THE ENGLISH.—"They do not believe in our blessed Prophet, and they call themselves Christians; but would not act upon the laws of the sacred Anjel, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their worldly purposes. Most of them still worship images, and they eat everything, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjel (St. Matthew, v. 18 and 19). *They had made three Gods for themselves, instead of one—the only Omnipotent Supreme Being—contrary to their first commandment:* and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their prophet and themselves Son and children of God."—*Autobiography of Lutfullah.*

NORWEGIAN LEGEND.—Two little boys were playing by the side of a river, and they saw the Stromkarl, or Water-spirit, sitting on the shore and playing on his harp. Then the children called out to him, and said, "Stromkarl, why do you sit here playing; there is no salvation for you." Thereupon the Stromkarl fell to weeping bitterly, threw his harp away, and sank in the deep waters. When the boys returned home, they related to their father, who was a godly man, what had befallen them. The father said, "you have sinned against the stromkarl; go back and comfort him, and tell him that he too shall be saved." When they went back to the river, the Stromkarl sat on the shore, weeping and lamenting. And the children said, "Weep not so, Stromkarl; our father says that thy Redeemer also liveth." Then the Stromkarl joyfully took his harp and played sweetly till sunset.

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